

SALLY'S LOVE

For a Young Man

It was my cruel parents,
that did me first trapan,
And marry'd me to an old man
for the sake of money and land:
But I'd rather had a young man,
without a penny at all,
That would take me in his arms,
and roll me from the wall.
I've often heard of an old man
But now I'm catcht at last;
I wish some other had got him,
before the knot was cast
I wish that death had seized him,
and taken him at a call,
That I might have had a young
to roll me from the wall.
The neighbours do advise me,
to drown him in a well;
And others would persuade me
to grind him in a mill:
But I will take my own advice
And tie him to a stake;
If he be a witch or farie,
some mischief will him take.
O hold your tongue, dear Sally,
till I go into town,
And I'll buy you a baver bonnet,
likewise a muslin gown;
Theres not a lady in the land;
with you I will compare;
I'll buy you a lap dog,
to follow your janting car
To the devil, I'll pitch your lapdog;
your janting car likewise
I would rather have a young man,
for to lie down by my side
I would rather have a young man,
and a bed of rotten sticks,
Than to be tied to an old man
rap'd up in Holland sheets.
When I go to fair or market,
I cheer me what I can,
But my heart is fill'd with sorrow,
when I look on the old man
My heart is fill'd with sorrow,
and I'll tell you the reason why,
His brows are always hanging,
and he has a jealous eye.
My love loves me in the morning,
my love loves me in the night;
He takes me in his arms,
and calls me his hearts delight;
I like him in his naked skin,
and that is best of all
For he takes me in his arms,
and rolls me from the wall.
When the old man goes to bed at night
he's as cold as any stone;
As cold as any corpse, my dear
that ever you did see;
His pipes are out of order
and his chamber is never in tune
I wish some other had him,
and I'd have him in my town.